

Barry S. Shultz, M.D. (9/8/1942 – 4/12/2010)

Barry Sherwood Shultz, MD, 67, of Sinking Spring, PA died April 12, 2010 in New London, New Hampshire. He grew up in West Lawn, PA and attended Wilson High School, where he participated in student government, the football and track teams, and graduated cum laude. He followed the path to Dartmouth that his father Milton Shultz '30 blazed.

Barry majored in Anthropology while completing the pre-med requirements. He was an active member of the DOC, Green Key and the German Club. He is remembered as having a great sense of humor, a positive attitude and great focus on medical school. After Dartmouth, Barry attended the State University of New York-Buffalo, where he received his M.D. After completing an internship back home in Reading, PA, Barry joined the Navy, where he served as a physician for three years. Subsequently, he completed a residency in urology at the University of Connecticut Hospital. He practiced for 31 years in Reading, PA.

Barry is survived by his wife Linda, a nurse, whom he met in medical school. They have a loving family, two sons, Jason and Jonathan, and a daughter, Jennifer '98 (MALS), and five grandchildren. Barry was very dedicated to his patients and a beloved father, but he still had time to serve the Boy Scouts, as den leader for the Cub Scouts, Council Commissioner and member of the Council Executive Board.

Eulogy for Barry S. Shultz'64, M.D. delivered by his son Jason Shultz, M.D.

Good morning. On behalf of my mother, Linda, my sister Jennifer and my brother Jonathan, I would like to thank everyone for taking the time to gather here today to celebrate the life of my father, Barry Shultz. Since his death on April 12th, 2010, our family has received an overwhelming amount of love and support from friends and family near and far. We have heard from so many people in the community whose lives he has touched. You have shared your experiences and memories of my father and how great a man he was. Of course, this is not terribly surprising. My father has been telling us how great he was for years. I guess it's just nice to hear it coming from someone else for a change.



My father was the older of two sons, born and raised in Berks County. He graduated from Wilson High School in 1960 and followed in his father's footsteps to attend Dartmouth College in Hanover, NH. Upon



Barry '64, Milton '30, Brad '66

graduation from Dartmouth, he went on to medical school at the State University of New York in Buffalo. It is there that an attractive, young nurse named Linda Kidney caught his attention. For a man who eventually went on to become a Urologist, how could you not fall in love with someone whose last name was Kidney. To say it was fate was an understatement. They eventually married in November 1968 and recently celebrated 41 years of marriage.

As a child, I always looked up to my father as a role model. He was a wonderful husband, father and friend. In my youth, I always took great pride in telling my friends my father was a doctor. Inevitably they would ask me what kind of doctor he was. "A Urologist," I would say. "What's that?" they would respond. I would go on to explain that he treats patients with various urinary issues including kidney stones and prostate cancer. Of course, I would then be asked, what's a prostate? You could imagine the difficulty of a 5th grader trying to explain what a prostate is, let alone how to get one checked. Over time I learned to simplify my answer to responses such as, "He's a pee pee doctor" or "he prescribes a lot of Viagra."

My Dad took great pride in both his work and his family. Coming from a modest upbringing, I know he was proud of the fact that he was able to provide a very comfortable lifestyle for his family. And that is something I never took for granted. I sincerely appreciate his hard work and sacrifices and I now strive to be able to do the same for my family. My father truly was and will always remain my # 1 role model.

I only hope that I am able to emulate his success in life as a husband, a father and as a physician. He certainly left some really big shoes to fill. And I mean that literally - he was like a size 6 E wide and often needed to have his shoes custom made. So, if there is anyone else here today with feet that big, please let me know, we may have some shoes that might interest you.

My father had many talents, but it was his passion for medicine that was his most defining characteristic. I feel fortunate to have inherited this same passion. During the summer of my Junior and Senior years of college, I had the opportunity to work as a surgical scrub at the Reading Hospital. This experience only reinforced my desire to become a physician. On occasion, I was able to work side by side with my father in the operating room, an experience I will cherish forever. I was able to see for myself, his greatness in action. I remember with fondness the many dinner conversations those summers when we were able to sit down and casually "talk shop" about the various surgical procedures

I participated in. You could tell how much my father enjoyed being a physician and I know it was difficult for him when he had to retire from medicine in 2006.

Recently, I had a patient with a urological issue, so I thought I would call my Dad to discuss the problem and how best to manage it. It was almost as though I was talking to a different person. I knew how much he would appreciate the consult and it was obvious how much he missed medicine. He spoke at great length and with much enthusiasm about this particular patient's issue. I remember hanging up afterwards thinking how great it was to be able to call him up and talk about medicine. As fate would have it, this would be my last conversation with my father while he was alive.

Now, as a young physician myself, I can only hope to earn the same respect and recognition my father received in his career. He was truly loved by his patients and coworkers, many of which are here today. They say in medicine, nice doctors don't get sued. And that was true for my father. There was one patient who threatened a law suit when his wife unexpectedly became pregnant. You see, this man had received a vasectomy from my Dad only one year earlier. Now he was faced with the additional expense of raising another child and was seeking compensation. My father, who was always calm, cool and collective, simply repeated a sperm count, which came back zero. He gently suggested the patient speak to his wife about what (or should I say who) she was doing while he was away at work. Needless to say, he never heard from that patient again and no lawsuit was ever filed.



Jonathan, Barry
Jason, Linda
Jennifer

My father never asked for much from any of us. All he ever wanted out of life was a happy, healthy family that he could love. He truly was a loving and giving person. He never expected anyone to acknowledge the things he did for others. In his eyes, it was just the way things were supposed to be. It would come to no one's surprise that as his health began to decline, his own flesh and blood, my brother Jon, selflessly donated a kidney to my father. After the surgery, my father had a dramatic improvement in his overall health and was free from the burden of dialysis. Unfortunately, it was his heart that ultimately gave out, a heart that had previously given so much to so many others in his lifetime.

Even in death, my father continues to be a giving spirit. He was an organ donor and was able to donate to others in need just as my brother had done for him. His corneas have been donated to give sight to someone whose vision was lost. His skin was given to burn victims whose skin was gone, and his brain was donated to research at Harvard University. My father, I'm sure, will be the first to acknowledge his brain was always Ivy League material.

Let us be thankful for the privileged moments we shared with my father. We are not to mourn him, but to celebrate his life. I know he would want it to be that way, because he made sure his life was always full of love and laughter. As we prepare to move forward in life without his presence, we are blessed to have known such a wonderful man.

He was loved, he will be missed, but his legacy will go on. My father was a very special man who was respected and loved by everyone he came into contact with. There will never be a day that he will not be on my mind and in my heart. He will be missed, not only as my father but as my friend. On behalf of my mother, sister and brother, we will be forever thankful for all the special times and memories he has left us to remember him by. Good bye, father. We will always love you.

Recollections from Linda Shultz

Barry worked such long hours and loved medicine so much. There were two special vacations we took in the last 10 years with the whole family to the British West Indies, where we rented a crewed catamaran for a week. Those were two very memorable, fun weeks. We enjoyed going out West. Barry had a passion for Western Art and sculptures. In retirement he loved to do the grocery shopping, hoping to run in to former patients, most of whom just complained that he was not working anymore and that they missed him so much. Now we all do and have a hole in our hearts, but, very fond memories.

Barry and I have had 3 Portuguese Water Dogs, which we loved. Two are champions. The youngest one is being shown now and he is almost a champion. Barry was so proud of these dogs. Often we took them to his office to see the staff. One has been a certified therapy dog for eleven years and is very well known at the hospital where Barry practiced. These dogs are a real source of comfort to me now. They keep me active and look forward to our daily morning walks.

